The True Northerner.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1882.

MICHIGAN AFFAIRS.

Not So Bad for Bad Axe.

The phœnix risen from its ashes may be found up at Bad Axe. One little year ago that town was one of the "burned district," and now there are six churches, some completed and others nearly so. They are the Episcopal and Protestant Methodist Churches, the United and American Presbyterian, and the Baptist and Episcopalian.

Bay City's Silent Woman.

A woman has been found in Bay City who won't speak and, of course, is considered a crank. She was taken to police headquarters and questioned, but she stolidly refused to utter a word. Bay City people must be rather slow. Why don't they place a new bonnet or dress where she could see it and ask her opinion of it? If they couldn't break the spell and unchain her tongue in that way, her crankism might be considered beyond remedy.

Acquitted.

John Anderson has been acquitted, in Gladwin county, of the murder of Robert Graham, which took place on the 24th of May last in broad daylight. There was no doubt that Anderson shot Graham. The jury stood on the first ballot, it is stated, four for acquittal to eight for conviction of murder in the first degree; but inside of two hours the eight surrendered to the four. The verdict is a surprise, and indicates something particularly rotten thereabout.

New Uses for a Crooked Stick.

Dr. Burtless, of Midland, driving in the dark one night, was thrown from his buggy and had his left shoulder dislocated. The doctor stopped the team with his right hand. Then he hunted up a convenient tree and a crooked stick, with which he managed to spring his dislocated shoulder into place, after which he proceeded to the nearest house and had it bound up under his directions, when he got his buggy fixed and drove on.—*Detroit Post.*

Life in Greenville.

Greenville is going to have a Red Ribbon Club of young men who will not associate with young ladies who do not know how to do housework. That's right. Now let the girls organize and resolve not to associate with any young man who can't split wood and make garden and who does not possess some idea of what the expenses of plain, simple housekeeping are, and Greenville will become the new Arcadia. But oh, what an amount of staying at home will be done there this winter.—*Lansing Republican.*

Lumbering at Bay City.

Lumbermen have commenced preparations for an active winter campaign in the woods north, and already gangs of men and teams, with supplies, have been sent up to open operations in camp. Men are comparatively plenty, though the wages offered are better than those paid at any time last year. Men are coming in from the country and from other cities looking for work (which is not by any means scarce), and jobbers do not anticipate any difficulty in obtaining any amount of experienced men.—*Bay City Tribune.*

A Call for Men.

There is a great call here for men; all along this shore they are scarce and it is hoped the unemployed from other localities will come here at an early day. What is wanted is an industrious class of men; in fact we would like it better if more men with families would settle here and give more permanency to our population. For this class we can say that this is a good place for them; property cheap, good schools and a healthy climate. There is a grand opening in this country for lumbermen, mechanics and farmers. Many have come among us this season, but still there is room and business for many more.—*Schoolcraft County Pioneer.*

Victimized by Three Card Monte Men.

A. J. West, a Capac merchant, was victimized by a couple of three-card-monte men on the Grand Trunk train, between Frazer station and Detroit, to the tune of about $800. T. W. Newton, Sheriff of Macomb county, was on the train and seated near the parties. Hearing West demand his money back he interfered and captured one of the parties after quite a struggle, in which Newton was stabbed in the hand with a pocket-knife by the one arrested, who gives his name as J. H. Myers. The money, about $800, was found in his possession and returned to West. Myers is in jail in Mt. Clemens awaiting the filing of a complaint. His partner escaped by jumping the train. West went on home, after recovering his money, without even thanking the Sheriff, but for whose prompt interference he would have been $800 poorer. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A Little Girl's Perilous Adventure.

John Brendell, residing on the Herman Wyckoff place in White Lake, has a little daughter who will be 2 years old next month, a bright, active child. His house is supplied with water by a windmill, out of a well seventy-one feet deep close by the house. On Tuesday morning Mr. Brendell had occasion to repair his pump and he had lifted the cover from the well and stepped away a few feet, not noticing that his little girl was about. He turned to go to the well again, and when he turned he saw his little girl disappear with a cry down in the depths. Instantly his hat, boots and coat were off and Mr. Brendell was sliding down the pipe, and when near the bottom his little girl called "Pa" and the next moment was in her father's arms. She was brought to the top of the well and found not to be bruised much and no limbs broken, and, being wrapped in flannels and well nursed, bids fair to experience no unpleasant results.—*Pontiac Gazette.*

Health in Michigan.

Reports to the State Board of Health, Lansing, by observers of diseases in different parts of the State, show causes of sickness during the week ending Sept. 30, 1882, as follows:

Diseases in Order of Greatest Area of Prevalence.	*Observers who reported the disease present.*	*Per cent. of observers who reported dis. present.*
1 Intermittent fever	47	78
2 Diarrhea	47	78
3 Bronchitis	42	70
4 Rheumatism	37	62
5 Remittent fever	36	60
6 Neuralgia	36	60
7 Consumption of lungs	33	55
8 Typho-malarial fever	28	47
9 Influenza	22	37
10 Dysentery	21	35
11 Cholera morbus	21	35
12 Tonsilitis	21	35
13 Cholera infantum	18	30
14 Diphtheria	15	25
15 Whooping-cough	14	23
16 Typhoid fever (enteric)	14	23
17 Pneumonia	13	22
18 Erysipelas	13	22
19 Scarlet fever	11	18
20 Puerperal fever	10	17
21 Inflammation of bowels	9	15
22 Cerebro-spinal meningitis	6	10
23 Membranous croup	6	10
24 Inflammation of brain	4	7
25 Measles	3	5

Beside those tabulated above, the following named diseases were reported each by one observer: Diabetes, spinal fever, pharyngitis, laryngitis and pluerisy.

For the week ending Sept. 30, 1882, the reports indicate that bronchitis considerably increased, that puerperal fever, scarlet fever, whooping-cough and membranous croup increased, and that dysentery decreased in area of prevalence.

Compared with the average of reports for the months of September in the preceding five years, all diseases named in this report except puerperal fever and cerebro-spinal meningitis, were less widely prevalent during September, 1882, than has been usual during September; and only bronchitis and peurperal fever were noticably more widely prevalent during the month ending Sept. 30, 1882, than has been usual.

At the State Capitol, during the week ending Sept. 30, the prevailing winds were northeast; and, compared with the preceding week, the average temperature was considerably lower, the average relative humidity was more, the average absolute humidity and the average day and night ozone were less.

Including reports by regular observers and by others, diphtheria was reported present during the week ending Sept. 30, and since, at twenty-three places, scarlet fever at ten places, and measles at four places. A case of smallpox was reported at Grand Rapids, Oct. 3. HENRY B. BAKER, Secretary.

Michigan Statistics.

In his address at the Saginaw Fair, the Hon. George B. Loring, United States Commissioner of Agriculture, said the State of Michigan affords many attractions to the studious and careful observer of the rapid growth of American States and American industries. Less than 50 years old, she has achieved a distinction in all the arts and industries of life of which any State, ancient or modern, would have a right to be proud. Occupying one of the most fertile peninsulas on this continent, in a latitude remarkable for the strength and fertility of its soil, with a climate tempered by the great surrounding lakes and so attempered as to be conducive to health and strength for all animal and vegetable life, with institutions of education and religion of which any people might be proud, this State gives an admirable illustration of the power and prosperity of an independent American community. In the short period during which Michigan has ranked as an independent State of this republic her growth in population and industry has been surprising. Originally one of the great lumbering States in this country, and still holding an important position in that branch of business, she has advanced from the natural product of her soil, and the industry that goes along with it, to an intricate and profitable system of manufactures, and of diversified and special farming, and to a degree of industrial wealth which could hardly have been anticipated when the lands here were first occupied. In valuable minerals and metals her wealth is almost unbounded. The State ranks among the foremost sections of the world in the production of those valuable metals that are imperatively necessary in almost all the arts of life. Less than fifty years ago the population of this State was about 175,000. It now reaches 1,636,937—a population springing originally in a large measure from New England and New York, and bringing with them the institutions and character for which those portions of our country are remarkable, and under whose hands the agriculture of this State has increased with astonishing rapidity.

In 1850 there were 34,000 farms in your State, while in 1881 you had 119,769, the average size of which was but little over ninety acres each. From the small beginning of one-half century ago the agricultural products have increased to $85,000,000, the timber product to $60,000,000, copper to $8,000,000, iron to $10,000,000, salt to $2,000,000, and fish to $1,000,000. Her wheat crop is among the largest in the country, making her the fourth wheat-growing State in the Union. This crop has increased since 1876 from 15,488,000 bushels to 35,532,543 bushels in 1881, and the number of acres occupied have increased in that time nearly 500,000. The crop of corn has increased in the same proportion, the crop last year being 32,500,000 bushels, while the crop of oats reached 18,190,793 bushels. The crop of hay last year reached the large quantity of 51,115 tons. Of her animal industry it may be said that she stands fourth in the list of wool-growing States, her sheep numbering 2,189,389, the average fleece being 5.41, the greatest in the Union next to Vermont. The Michigan Merino sheep, as everybody knows, has become famous in the markets of the country. Meanwhile the horses in this State have increased to 305,591, the milch cows to 311,300, other cattle to 322,231, and the swine to 424,795.

In addition to this great growth of agriculture the State has entered into the business of manufacturing with an energy and determination which, I am happy to say, are amply rewarded. The products of her mills of every description, erected for the manufactory of all articles of wood and leather and iron, may be estimated by millions, and in all the smaller and more delicate manufactures her achievements are extraordinary.

The importance of Michigan as an agricultural State has been so well recognized in the councils of the nation that she is represented on the Committee of Agriculture in congress by one of the most efficient and industrious representatives of that body—a representative who has done honor to his State, whose counsels in his committee are always considered of the highest importance, and to whom I desire to extend my personal thanks for the zeal and intelligence with which he has devoted himself to the best interests of the department which I represent, and to the great industry he has been called upon to support in a body where his opinions are considered of so much value.

The Medical Student's Colony.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Bellevue Hospital College and the University College contribute over 1,500 students to the city's population, who come, as we have stated, from every part of the world—even from South Australia and India—and who have representatives among them of every political bias and social condition. The native Americans include a large proportion of the sons of poor farmers and artisans of the Southern and Western States, who, bringing with them little or no margin to the minimum of fees, sacrifice personal comfort, like young Spartans, to their ambition. In the neighborhood of the colleges there are many shabby lodging-houses which provide shelter and food for $4 a week; and, subsisting upon rations of a class at which a well-to-do laborer would complain, the young doctor pursues his studies by the light of a kerosene lamp in the attic gloom of these caravansaries.

The coldest winter finds some of the students trudging to lectures and demonstrations through snow and slush, without overcoats, and with shoes worn down to a paper condition of tenuity. But mixed with these plebeians are other young men of fortune and fashion, who dress exquisitely, belong to the clubs, and smoke, if a cigar, a choice Havana, or, if it is a pipe, an elaborate meerschaum, filled with aromatic perique and Turkish. No factions inspired by envious ill-will are bred by these contrasts, however.

The presence of medical students is not considered a desirable element in large cities. They are apt to be lawless, exuberant, and addicted to nocturnal disorders. Mr. Robert Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen are not the most satisfactory guests to landladies, nor the least troublesome neighbors to persons of quiet and early habits.

What with lectures, cliniques and recitations, beside practice in the laboratory and dissecting-room, the industrious student who means to be successful has little time for recreation except in brief intervals between the retirement of one professor and the entrance of another, and the only period when he can conscientiously rest is Sunday. The first lecture begins at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the last is not concluded until 5 in the afternoon. At all hours until 9 or 10 at night students may be seen singly or in twos and threes entering or leaving the colleges, where the intricate secrets of physiology, the tissues, arteries and nerves are revealed in the sickening atmosphere and amid the ghastly surroundings of the dissecting-room. But the atmosphere, though overpowering to a stranger at his initiation, is not perceptibly offensive to those accustomed to it, and the "subjects," instead of being repulsive to the embryo surgeons, possess an absorbing interest, and all the beauty of a perfect mechanism. There is no dearth of "subjects" in New York, where hundreds die unrecognized in the wards of the charity hospitals, and many are picked up in the rivers with no voice or record to tell how they came to their end.—*W. H. Rideing, in Harper's Magazine.*

How They Got the Pie.

When Cal. Thomas and Jerry Kiersted were little boys here in Cincinnati they ran away from school one day to go to a circus that was showing over in Covington. They had money enough to get into the show, but all they had left to get any refreshments with was five cents that belonged to Cal. Like all boys they had good appetites, and they carried them right along with them. Before the circus was over they were both ravenously hungry, for they had skipped away without going to dinner. In place of a candy and lemonade stand, as we see nowadays, there was place where pies were sold. But pies were bringing ten cents in the market, and it would take a whole one to go around in a crowd of two such hungry boys. Jerry hit on a plan to get a pie for five cents. "While I get the pie-man's attention in talking," said he to Cal, "you poke your thumb into one of the pies." "What for?" said Cal. "What good will it do a feller when he's hungry to jab his thumb into a pie? Thumbs don't eat pie." "Never you mind," said Jerry, "you jes' do as I say." Cal. did as he told him to, without the pie-man seeing him, and then Jerry, who had the five cents in his fist, picked up the damaged pie, and said quite innocently: "Here's a pie that's got smashed. You'll sell this half-price, won't you?" The pie-man looked at it and readily assented, and the boys lunched ravenously with many inward chuckles.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

FARMER VS. DOCTOR.

A Good Story of Aleck Stevens and Bob. Toombs.

A Georgia doctor named Royston sued Peter Bennett for his bill, long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Robert Toombs, then Senator of the United States, was for Dr. Royston. The doctor proved the number of his visits, their value according to local custom, and his own authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physician had made out his case, and there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it. "No," said Peter, "I hired you to speak in my case, and now speak."

Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked on to see that it was made out, and it was.

Peter was obstinate, and at last Mr. Stephens told him to make a speech himself, if he thought one could be made.

"I will," said Peter Bennett, "if Bobby Toombs will not be hard on me."

Senator Toombs promised, and Peter began:

"Gentlemen of the jury—You and I is plain farmers, and if we don't stick together, these 'ere lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no objections to them in their proper place; but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury."

"Now, this man Royston was a new doctor, and I went for him to come an' to doctor my wife's sore leg. And he come an' put some salve truck onto it and some rags, but never done it one bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he is no doctor, no way. There is doctors as is doctors sure enough, but this man don't earn his money; and if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Atkinson did, for a negro boy as was worth $1,000 he just kills him and wants pay for it."

"I don't!" thundered the doctor.

"Did you cure him?" asked Peter, with the low accencts of a judge with a black cap on.

The doctor was silent, and Peter proceeded:

"As I was sayin', gentlemen of the jury, we farmers, when we sell our cotton, has got to give vally for the money we ask, and doctors ain't none too good to be put to the same rule. And I don't believe this Sam Royston is no doctor, no how."

The physician again put in his oar, with "Look at my diploma, if you think I am no doctor."

"His diploma!" exclaimed the new-fledged orator, with great contempt. "His diploma! Gentlemen, that is a big word for printed sheepskins, and it didn't make no doctor of the sheep as first wore it, nor does it of the man as now carries it, and I p'int out to ye that he ain't no doctor at all."

The man of medicine was now in a fury, and screamed out, "Ask my patients if I am not a doctor!"

"I asked my wife," retorted Peter, "an' she said as how she thought you wasn't."

"Ask my other patients," said Dr. Royston.

This seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied with a look and tone of unutterable sadness:

"That is a hard sayin', gentlemen of the jury, and one that requires me to die or to have powers as I've hearn tell ceased to be exercised since the Apostles. Does he expect me to bring the Angel of Gabriel down to toot his horn before the time and cry aloud, 'Awake ye dead, and tell this court and jury your opinion of Royston's practice?' Am I to go to the tomb and say to um as is at last rest from physic and doctor bills, 'Git up here, you, and state if you died a natural death, or was hurried up some by doctors?' He says ask his patients, and, gentlemen of the jury, they are all dead! Where is Mrs. Beazley's man Sam? Go ask the worms in the graveyard where he lies. Mr. Peake's woman Sarah was attended by him, and her funeral was appointed, and he had the corpse ready. Where is that likely Bill as belonged to Mr. Mitchell? Now in glory and expressin' his opinion on Royston's doctorin'. Where is that baby gal of Harry Stephens'? She are where doctors cease from troublin and inphants are at rest.

"Gentlemen of the jury, he has eat chickens enough at my house to pay for his salve, and I furnished the rags, and I don't suppose he charges for makin' of her worse, and even he don't pretend to charge for curin' of her, and I am humbly thankful that he never gave her nothin' for her inwards, as he did his other patients, for somethin' made 'em all die mighty sudden"—

Here the applause made the speaker sit down in great confusion, and in spite of a logical restatement of the case by Senator Toombs, the doctor lost and Peter Bennett won.

The Way He Looked at it.

They were crossing Muskegon lake one Sunday, and John, who is of a reflective frame of mind, ventured a mild criticism on the state of things on this globe, suggested by the day, and the scene.

"Did it never seem to you, Mortie," said John, "that there is too much water in the world? A river would have been just as well here, and there would have been a lot of room saved for pine."

"Ye-s," drawled Mortie. "I never could understand it. God made it for his chosen people, too; but I never heard of but one of them that wanted any of it, and he was in hell, and only asked for a drop!"—*Grand Rapids Democrat.*

Miniature Kangaroos.

There is a kind of dwarf kangaroo in the Staked Plains of Northern Texas. Its body is about eight inches long; its fore legs are not more than an inch and a half or two inches in length, while its hind legs are all of six inches. It has a tail about eight inches long, completely bare except a tuft of long hairs at the end and a ridge of short hairs on its upper part. It is also a marsupial, the pouch being well developed. It is of a soft blue color. Its only mode of locomotion is by jumping, precisely like the kangaroo. It can jump eight or ten feet.

The Original of Rebecca in Ivanhoe.

We believe it is not generally known that the honor of having been the prototype and inspiration of the character of Rebecca the Jewess, in "Ivanhoe," belongs to an American lady, whose beauty and noble qualities were described to Scott by a friend. The friend was Washington Irving, and the lady Rebecca Gratz, of an honorable Jewish family of Philadelphia.

Rebecca was born on the 4th of March, 1781, and in her younger days, and even beyond middle life, she possessed singular beauty. Her eyes were of exquisite shape, large, black, and lustrous; her figure was graceful, and her carriage was marked by quiet dignity—attractions which were heightened by elegant and winning manners.

It is said that, when a young lady, Rebecca won the regard of a gentleman of character, position and wealth, whose passion was devotedly returned. The difference in their religious faith, however,—the one a conscientious Christian, the other devoted to the ancient creed of Israel,—proved an insuperable barrier to their union. She was never married.

One of her brother's most intimate friends was Washington Irving, then in the early freshness of his literary fame. When in Philadelphia he was a welcome guest at the mansion, and the "big room" was assigned him to "roost in" as he termed it. The beauty and character of Rebecca, together with the fact that she was a representative of a race whose history is full of romance, deeply impressed him, and the foundation was laid of a cordial friendship and admiration which lasted through life.

Miss Gratz passed many of her young days with the Hoffmans and other old families in New York, with whom she was on intimate terms. Among her friends at this time were the literary wits of Salmagundi. Matilda Hoffman, the object of Irving's first, last, and only love, was her dearest friend. Miss Hoffman, who is described as lovely in person and mind, with engaging manners, delicate sensibilities, and playful humor, faded early and died in 1809, at the age of eighteen. Rebecca was her constant companion during her illness, sharing with the family the cares of her sick-bed, and holding her in her arms when she died. Irving was then 26 years old, and for the half-century of his later life he cherished faithfully the memory of his early love. He slept with her Bible and prayer-book under his pillow, and they were ever his inseparable companions. After his death, a package was found containing some private memoranda, a miniature of great beauty, a braid of fair hair, and a slip of paper containing her name in his own handwriting. In his private note-book he wrote: "She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful."

For many years, during which he studied law and was admitted to the bar, Irving's naturally gay temperament was overshadowed by this grief, and his frequent intervals of depression unfitted him for literary labor. Engaging in business with his brother at Liverpool, he passed much of his time abroad. His mercantile career, however, proved a failure, and he henceforth devoted himself to literature. It was in the fall of the year 1817 that Scott and Irving met for the first time. With a letter of introduction from the poet Campbell, who was aware that Scott's high estimate of Irving's genius, the latter visited Abbotsford. He was most cordially received and welcomed by Scott himself, who came limping down to the gate, attended by his favorite stag-hound, and grasped his hand in a way that made Irving feel as if they were already old friends.

To this friendship we owe the character of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe." During one of their many conversations, when personal and family affairs were the topics, Irving spoke of his own, and Miss Hoffman's cherished friend, Rebecca Gratz, of Philadelphia, described her wonderful beauty, relating the story of her firm adherence to her religious faith under the most trying circumstances, and particularly illustrated her loveliness of character, and zealous philanthropy. Scott was deeply interested and impressed, and conceived the plan of embodying the pure, moral sentiment, that like a thread of silver ran through the story. Although "Rob Roy" was then unfinished, he was already revolving in his mind the plot and characters of "Ivanhoe." He immediately determined to introduce a Jewish female character, and, on the strength of Irving's vivid description, he named his heroine Rebecca.—*The Century.*

A Warm Invitation.

Jesse B., of Raleigh, N. C., was engaged in the lightning rod business. He had just put up the necessary rods for a farmer, and was, judging from a certain unpleasant sensation in the region of the diaphram, aware that the hour of dinner was near at hand. In other words, he had not tasted food since early that morning, and knew not where his next meal was to come from unless he was invited to dine with Farmer B.

At length, after some hesitation, the farmer said: "It's about our dinner hour, but the old woman is away from home to-day, and I hardly know what to do about it, but if you will take pot-luck with me, you are welcome to dinner."

Jesse thanked him, and the two wended their way to the dining-room. They found nothing to eat save a dish of roasted potatoes and a pot of mustard.

After being seated the farmer asked Jesse to take some potatoes.

"No, I thank you," said Jesse. "I don't like potatoes."

"Well," said the farmer, not in the least disconcerted, "just help yourself to the mustard!"

THERE is one advantage in warm weather. At no other season of the year can you spread the butter on the children's bread so evenly and thinly.—*Elmira Telegram.*

A GREEN BAY (Wis.) mother writes: "Are the children of Arabi Bey called Arabi Beybies? Ours are called Green Beybies."

HUMOR.

TALKING about difficult feats, did you ever attempt to select a name for a baby?

WOMEN will persist in looking for men under the bed, when there's no riot in progress in town.

PEOPLE say that blackberries are good for the complexion, but who wants a blackberry complexion?

"WHAT is a pessimist, papa?" asked a bright lad. "A pessimist, my son," said the old man, "is one who would find fault with his seat in heaven, if he ever got there."

GEORGE WASHINGTON CHILDS says "the worship of pretty things goes sometimes too far." Just so, George. A man with a family ought not to adore a burlesque artiste.—*Boston Post.*

"BUNYAN'S 'PILGRIM PROGRESS ON THE STAGE," is the heading of an article in a morning paper. In olden times the pilgrim's progress was made on foot, but this is the era of rapid transit.

"I DON'T ask any man's advice," said the man with the big bumps of self-esteem. "I do my own thinking." "Yes," murmured Fogg, "I should think you might, and not be greatly overworked, either."—*Boston Transcript.*

"THEN you caught your boy stealing, did you?" said a suburban woman to her neighbor over the fence. "Yes, and it most broke my heart." "What did he steal?" "He stole two big apples from the store. I wouldn't have cared so much if he had taken enough to make a couple of pies."—*Boston Globe.*

ON Fifth avenue, at Central Park, about dusk, two Irishmen saw the bicyclists speeding along. Said one of them: "Patsey, do you see thim byes ridin' on the top of their hupples?" "Ah, Moike, thim's not hupples; they're boysuckles." "Patsey, did we have boysuckles in the old country?" "Divil a wan. But we had some foine foights, bedad."—*The Judge.*

AN Austin lady had two colored women employed. One day she called down from her room in the second story: "Matilda, bring me a glass of water." "I ain't gwine ter do hit till I'se fru what I'se doin' right now. Bring hit yerself." "What are you so busy at?" "Restin' myself." "Then tell Jemima to bring me a glass of water." "She am busy, too." "What is she busy at?" "Helpin' me rest myself."—*Texas Siftings.*

WHEN a young man kisses his girl good-night about 1:30 a. m., he may have nearly a mile to walk before reaching his home, and he envies his girl, who, he supposes, jumps into bed and is fast asleep ten minutes after he leaves the house. He doesn't know that she must first fish seventy-nine hair-pins out of her head, one at a time, and twist her hair up into bits of paper so that it will crimp nicely next day, and that he is in bed snoring before she turns off the gas. If he was aware of this fact, perhaps he would leave earlier.—*The Judge.*

THE most candid young man in Austin is Nicodemus Murphy. He called at the office of a wealthy citizen, and came right out and said: "I want to marry your daughter. I can't live without her." "Are you acquainted with my daughter?" "Not in the least." "How then do you know you can't live without her?" "Well, I heard you were going to give her lots of money when she married, and my personal expenses are so heavy I can't live without her—or some other woman who has got money to support a husband."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Snow of Age.

"No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts."

The figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The Scriptures represent age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond tree shall flourish"—the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters whose hair was turning gray, that "it looked as if time had lightly splashed his snows upon its passage."

"It never melts"—no never! Age is inexorable. Its wheels must move onward—they know no retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again"—but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he can not find it; he may sigh for the secrets of that alchemy which is able to make him young, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy scenes of early years, as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, which every moment carries him farther away. Poor old man! He has little more to do than die!

The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blessings upon the valley and the mountains, but soon the sweet spring comes and smiles it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran. There is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frosts. It came to stay. Its single flakes fell unnoticed—and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase until we lay the old man in his grave. There it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness—for there is no age in heaven!

Yet why speak of age in mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, eloquent! Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old! If any must weep let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them. Welcome the snow, for it is an emblem of peace and rest. It is but a temporal crown which shall fall at the gates of Paradise to be replaced by a brighter and better one.

WITH a population of 250,000, Rome has 7,500 priests. They wear all colors of uniform, from brilliant scarlet gowns to dead black. A procession of fifty priests, going two and two along the street, with dazzling red robes sweeping the ground, is a novel sight to an American. These Italian clerical gentlemen very properly study picturesque variety in their costuming.